



CD 2002 -- 131

Thursdays at Noon  
presents

# Advanced Performance Studies Class

## PROGRAMME

Introduction by Lorna MacDonald,  
Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies

G. F. Handel	Harp concerto in Bb major, (2nd movement) <i>Kristen Moss, harp</i>
Pietro Locatelli	Sonata in F for oboe, viola and continuo <i>Gillian Howard, baroque oboe; Richard Lee, baroque viola; Gillian Epp, cello; Adine Mintz, harpsichord</i>
Camille Saint-Saëns	The Swan <i>Alyssa Michalsky, harp; Anna Poltorak, flute</i>
Christos Hatzis	Stylus <i>David Carovillano and Kimberley Pritchard, accordions</i>
Astor Piazzolla	Bordel 1900 <i>Margaret Prime, flute; Joey Roy, guitar</i>
Astor Piazzolla	Tango - Étude No. 3 <i>Katherine Unrau, violin</i>
Ernest Chausson	Chanson perpétuelle <i>Susan Black, mezzo-soprano; Elation Pauls, Nathan Simington, violins; Grace Cho, viola; Laura Bartow, cello; Joy Lee, piano</i>
Carlos Salzedo	Steel (from <i>Pentacle</i> ) <i>Brycellyn Woessner and Brittany Woessner, harps</i>

**Thursday, January 10**  
**12:10 pm. Walter Hall**  
**Free admission**

EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING • 80 QUEEN'S PARK  
BOX OFFICE: 416-978-3744

**Chanson Perpetuelle (Charles Cros)**  
**Song without an End**

Trembling woods, star-studded sky,  
My beloved has gone away,  
Carrying off my disconsolate heart.

Winds, let your plaintive sounds,  
Let your songs, enchanted nightingales,  
Tell him that I am dying!

The first evening he came here  
My soul was at his mercy;  
Of pride I knew no more.

Every glance of mine was a confession.  
He took me into his strong arms,  
And kissed me near my tresses -

I felt a great thrill...  
And then, I do not recall how it happened,  
He had become my lover.

I used to tell him, "You will love me  
As long as you are able to."  
In his arms alone I slept well,

But he, feeling his heart grow cold,  
Went away the other morning  
Without me to a far-off land.

Because I have my lover no longer  
I shall die in the pond,  
Amidst the flowers under the quiet currents.

When I come to the shore, to the wind,  
I shall speak his name dreamily,  
For there I waited for him often;

And like in a golden shroud,  
My hair undone, to the mercy  
Of the wind I shall abandon myself.

The happy moments of the past will shed  
Their gentle glimmer on my brow,  
And their green reeds will entwine me

And my bosom will believe, trembling  
In the caressing embrace,  
That I am in the arms of my lover!